LITTLE REVIEW EXILES' NUMBER

"There went up a mist from the earth"—GENESIS

EVAPORATION

A SYMPOSIUM:

Poems and Prose by Mark Turbyfill and Samuel Putnam

THE CONTENTS:

THE OBSTETRIC OF THE IDEA
NINE RELATED POEMS
SCALA SANTA [A poem sequence]
NOTES

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NOTICES

WE ARE STILL BEHIND IN OUR MAILINGS—TO THE U. S. POST OFFICE THIS NUMBER IS SPRING 1923. IT IS THE FIFTH NUMBER ISSUED IN THE QUARTERLY SERIES.

THE NEXT NUMBER WILL BE A CLOSE-UP OF THE YOUNG FRENCH ARTISTS: WRITERS, PAINTERS, MUSICIANS. . . .

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IN OUR TIME

EVERYBODY was drunk. The whole battery was drunk along the road in the dark. We were going to the Champagne. The lieutenant kept riding his horse out into the fields and saying to him, "I'm drunk I tell you, mon vieux. Oh I am so soused." We went along the road all night in the dark and the adjutant kept riding up alongside my kitchen and saying, "You must put it out. It is dangerous. It will be observed." We were fifty kilometers from the front but the adjutant worried about the fire in my kitchen. It was funny going along that road. That was when I was a kitchen corporal.

* * *

The first matador got the horn through his sword hand and the crowd hooted him on his way to the infirmary. The second matador slipped and the bull caught him through the belly and he hung onto the horn with one hand and held the other tight against the place, and the bull rammed him wham against the barrera and the horn came and he lay in the sand; and then got up like crazy drunk and tried to slug the men carrying him away and yelled for a new sword, but he fainted. The kid came out and had to kill five bulls because you can't have more than three matadors and the last bull he was so tired he couldn't get the sword in. He couldn't hardly lift his arm. He tried eight times and the crowd was quiet because it was a good bull and it looked like him or the bull and then he finally made it. He sat down in the sand and puked and they held a cape over him while the crowd come down the barrera into the bull ring.

* * *

Minarets stuck up in the rain out of Adrianople across the mud flats. The carts were jammed for thirty miles along the Karagatch road. Water buffalo and cattle were hauling carts through the mud. No end and no beginning. Just carts loaded with everything they owned. The old men and women, soaked through, walked along keeping the cattle moving. The Maritza was running yellow almost up to the bridge. Carts were jammed solid on the bridge with camels bobbing along through them. Greek cavalry rode hard on the procession. Women and kids were in the carts crouched with mattresses, mirrors, sewing machines, bundles, sacks of things. There was a woman having a kid with a young girl holding a blanket over her and crying. Scared sick looking at it. It rained all through the evacuation.

* * *

We were in a garden at Mons. Young Buckley came in with his patrol from across the river. The first german I saw climbed up over the garden wall. We waited till he got one leg over and then potted him. He had so much equipment on and looked awfully surprised and fell down into the garden. Then three more came over further down the wall. We shot them. They all came just like that.

MONS (Two)

It was a frightfully hot day. We'd jammed an absolutely perfect barricade across the bridge. It was simply priceless. A big old wrought iron grating from the front of a house. Too heavy to lift and you could shoot through it and they would have to climb over it. It was absolutely topping. They tried to get over it and we potted them from forty yards. They rushed it and officers came out alone and worked on it. It was an absolutely perfect obstacle. Their officers were very fine. We were frightfully put out when we heard the flank had gone and we had to fall back.

* * *

They shot the six cabinet ministers at half past six in the morning against the wall of a hospital. There were pools of water in the courtyard. There were wet dead leaves on the paving of the courtyard. It rained hard. All the shutters of the hospital were nailed shut. One of the ministers was sick with typhoid. Two soldiers carried him downstairs and out into the rain. They tried to hold him up against the wall but he sat down in a puddle of water. The other five stood very quietly against the wall. Finally the officer told the soldiers it was no good trying to make him stand up. When they fired the first volley he was sitting down in the water with his head on his knees.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

IDEM THE SAME

A VALENTINE TO SHERWOOD ANDERSON

I KNEW too that through them I knew too that he was through, I knew too that he threw them, I knew too that they were through, I knew too I knew too, I knew I knew them.

I knew to them.

If they tear a hunter through, if they tear through a hunter, if they tear through a hunt and a hunter, if they tear through the different sizes of the six, the different sizes of the six which are these, a woman with a white package under one arm and a black package under the other arm and dressed in brown with a white blouse, the second Saint Joseph the third a hunter in a blue coat and black garters and a plaid cap, a fourth a knife grinder who is full faced and a very little woman with black hair and a yellow hat and an excellently smiling appropriate soldier. All these as you please.

In the meantime examples of the same lily. In this way please have you rung.

WHAT DO I SEE

A very little snail.
A medium-sized turkey.
A small band of sheep.
A fair orange tree.
All nice wives are like that.
Listen to them from here.
Oh.
You did not have an answer.
Here.
Yes,

A VERY VALENTINE

Very fine is my valentine.
Very fine and very mine.
Very mine is my valentine very mine and very fine.
Very fine is my valentine and mine, very fine very mine and mine is my valentine.

WHY DO YOU FEEL DIFFERENTLY

Why do you feel differently about a very little snail and a big one,
Why do you feel differently about a medium-sized turkey and a very large one.
Why do you feel differently about a small band of sheep and several sheep that are riding.
Why do you feel differently about a fair orange tree and one that has blossoms as well.

Oh, very well.
All nice wives are like that.
To Be
No Please.
To Be
They can please

Not to be
Do they please.
Not to be
Do they not please
Yes please.
Do they please.
No please.
Do they not please
NO please.
Do they please.
Please.
If you please.
And if you please
And if they please
And they please.
To be pleased
Not to be pleased.
Not to be displeased.
To be pleased and to please.

KNEELING

One two three four five six seven eight nine and ten.

The tenth is a little one kneeling and giving away a rooster with this feeling.

I have mentioned one, four five seven eight and nine.

Two is also giving away an animal.

Three is changed as to disposition.

Six is in question if we mean mother and daughter, black and black caught her, and she offers to be three she offers it to me.

That is very right and should come out below and just so.

BUNDLES FOR THEM

A HISTORY OF GIVING BUNDLES

We were able to notice that each one in a way carried a bundle, they were not a trouble to them nor were they all bundles as some of them were chickens some of them pheasants some of them sheep and some of them bundles, they were not a trouble to them and then indeed we learned that it was the principal recreation and they were so arranged that they were not given away, and to-day they were given away.

I will not look at them again.

They will not look for them again.

They have not seen them here again.

They are in there and we hear them again.

In which way are stars brighter than they are. When we have come to this decision. We mention many thousands of buds. And when I close my eyes I see them.

If you hear her snore

It is not before you love her

You love her so that to be her beau is very lovely

She is sweetly there and her curly hair is very lovely

She is sweetly here and I am very near and that is very lovely.

She is my tender sweet and her little feet are stretched out well which is a treat and very lovely.

Her little tender nose is between her little eyes which close and are very lovely.

She is very lovely and mine which is very lovely.

ON HER WAY

If you can see why she feels that she kneels if you can see why he knows that he shows what he bestows, if you can see why they share what they share, need we question that there is no doubt that by this time if they had intended to come they would have sent some notice of such intention. She and they and indeed the decision itself is not early dissatisfaction.

IN THIS WAY

Keys please, it is useless to alarm any one it is useless to alarm some one it is useless to be alarming and to get fertility in gardens in salads in heliotrope and in dishes. Dishes and wishes are mentioned and dishes and wishes are not capable of darkness. We like sheep. And so does he.

LET US DESCRIBE

Let us describe how they went. It was a very windy night and the road although in excellent condition and extremely well graded has many turnings and although the curves are not sharp the rise is considerable. It was a very windy night and some of the larger vehicles found it more prudent not to venture. In consequence some of those who had planned to go were unable to do so. Many others did go and there was a sacrifice, of what shall we, a sheep, a hen, a cock, a village, a ruin, and all that and then that having been blessed let us bless it.

GERTRUDE STEIN

ANGLO—MONGRELS AND THE ROSE

EXODUS lay under an oak-tree
Bordering on Buda Pest he had lain
him down to over-night under the lofty rain
of starlight
having leapt from the womb
eighteen years ago and grown
neglected along the shores of the Danube
on the Danube in the Danube
-or breaking his legs behind runaway horses-
with a Carnival quirk
every Shrove Tuesday

× × ×

Of his riches
a Patriarch
erected a synagogue
- -for the people
His son
looked upon Lea
- - of the people
she sat in Synagogue
-her hair long as the Talmud
-her tamarind eyes- -
and disinherited
begat this Exodus

Imperial Austria taught the child
the German secret patriotism
the Magyar tongue the father
stuffed him with biblical Hebrew and the
seeds of science exhorting him
to vindicate
his forefather's ambitions

The child
flowered precociously fever
smote the father
the widowed mother
took to her bosom a spouse
of her own sphere
and hired
Exodus in apprenticeship
to such as garrulously inarticulate
ignore the cosmic cultures

Sinister foster-parents
who lashed the boy
to that paralysis of
the spiritual apparatus
common to
the poor
The arid gravid
intellect of jewish ancestors
the senile juvenile
calculating prodigies of Jehovah
-Crushed by the Occident ox
they scraped
the gold gold golden
muck from off its hoofs-

moves Exodus to emmigrate
coveting the alien
asylum of voluntary military
service paradise of the pound-stirling
where the domestic Jew in lieu
of knouts is lashed with tongues

× × ×

The cannibal God
shutters his lids of night on the day's gluttony
the partially devoured humanity
warms its unblessed beds with bare prostrations

An insect from an herb
errs on the man-mountain
imparts it's infinitesimal tactile stimulus
to the epiderm to the spirit
of Exodus
stirring the anaesthetised load
of racial instinct frustrated
impulse infantile impacts with unreason
on his unconscious

Blinking his eyes- - -
at sunrise Exodus
lumbar-aching sleep logged turns his ear
to the grit earth and hears
the boom of cardiac cataracts
thumping the turf
with his young pulse

He is undone! How should he know
he has a heart The Danube
gives no instruction in anatomy-
the primary
throb of the animate
a beating mystery
pounds on his ignorance
in seeming
death dealing-

The frightened fatalist
clenches his eyes
for the involuntary sacrifice
stark
to the sun-zumm dirges of
a bee
he lays him out
for his heart-beats to slay him

It is not accomplished
the burning track
of lengthening sun shafts
spur
This lying-in-state of a virility
to rise
and in his surprised
protracted viability
shoulder his pack

Exodus whose initiations
in arrogance through brief
stimulation of his intellect
in servitude through early
ill-usage etch involute
inhibitions
upon his sensibility

sharpened and blunted he
-bound for his unformulate
conception of life-
makes for the harbour

and the dogged officer of Destiny
kept Exodus
and that which he begat
moving along

The highest paid tailor's
cutter in the 'City'
Exodus Lord Israel
nicknamed from his consummate bearing
his coaly eye
challenging the unrevealed universe
spèaking fluently 'business-English'
to the sartorial world

jibbering stock exchange quotations
and conundrums of finance
to which unlettered immigrants are instantly
initiate
Those foreigners
before whom the soul
of the new Motherland
stands nakedly incognito
in so many ciphers

In the boarding-house the lady with
the locket "You will excuse me- -
Our Dear Queen picks chicken bones in
her fingers" Exodus at leisure
painting knowing not why
sunflowers turned sunwards

Sundays when
England closed the eyes of every
commercial enterprise
but the church and spewed
her silent servants out of her areas
in their bi-weekly 'best' to
"Ow get along with you" their lurching lovers
along the rails of parks
The high-striped soldiers of the swagger-stick
tempting the wilder flowers of womanhood
to lick-be-quick ice cream
outside the barracks

This jovian hebrew 'all dressed up
and nowhere to go'
stands like a larch
upon the corners of incarcerate streets
deploring the anomolous legs
of Zion's sons
with the subconscious
irritant of superiority

left in an aristocacy out of currency

paces
the cancellated desert of the metropolis
with the instinctive urge of loneliness
to get to 'the heart of something'
The heart of England
sporting its oak
on the rude ratepayer
Hymns ancient and modern
bela bour crippled cottage-grands
in parlour fronts
A thrush
shatters its song upon the spurious shade
of a barred bird-fancier's
The dumb philosophies
of the wondering jew
fall into rhythm with
long unlistened-to hebrew chants
A wave
'out of tide' with the surrounding
ocean he breaks
insensitized non-participance upon himself

(The) unperceived
conqueror of a new world
in terms of cutting and drafting
Exodus lifts his head
over the alien crowds
under the alien clouds
proudly as memory
evokes the panic-stricken
discoverer of his own heart coming
barefoot to the Synagogue
erected by his grandfather - - -
The Rabbi said "Your grandfather
was a great and a just man
we reap what he has sown

- honoured be his memory so here's
your fare third class
May the God of Israel
bless thee among the Gentiles"

And the God of the Gentiles
blessed him among Israel
he had several
shares in the South Eastern
Railway and other
securities Suddenly

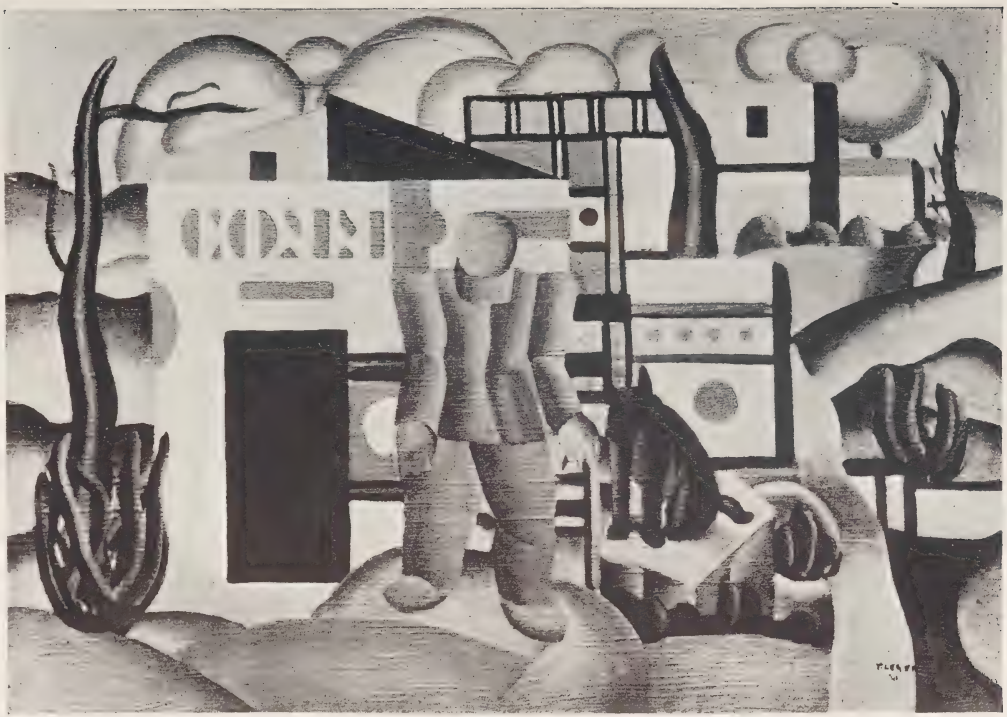
he remembers how his mother
told him he was a seven month's child
-thing of etherial circulation-
wrapped in wadding somewhat
green-seeming as an untimely apple
And Exodus feels cold
with sympathy for that cold thing
that was himself - - -
The london dusk
wraps up the aborted entity
heeding Solomon's admonishing spends
circumcised circumspect
his evenings doing lightening calculations
for his high pleasure Painting - - -
feeling his pulse - - -

Incorporeal express trains
from opposite directions
of unequal lengths and velocities
flash through his abstract eye
determines instantly the time
to a decimal fraction of a second
they take to pass each other

Under his ivory hands
his sunflowers sunwards
glow confuse with itinerant

THE TWO SMOKERS (1911) BY FERNAND LÉGER

PAINTING (1912) BY FERNAND LÉGER



LANDSCAPE (1921) BY FERNAND LEGER

THE BREAKFAST (1921) BY FERNAND LÉGER

Judaic eyes peering
through narrow-slim entrance-arches
The terestrial trees shades
virgin bosoms and blossoms
in course of his acclimatization
a hedge-rose - - - -

He paints
He feels his pulse

The spiritual tentacles of vanity
that each puts out towards the culture
of his epoch knowing not how to find
and finding not contact he has repealed
to fumble among his guts

The only
personal reality
he brought from Hungary he takes
to Harley street where medicine
sits the only social science applied to the outsider

- - - - -

The parasite attaches to the English Rose
- - - - - at a guinea a visit
becomes more tangible to himself the exile
mechanism he learns is built
to the same osseous structure shares
identical phenomena with those
populating the Island
that segregated
from his apprehension moves
a universe of unceasing
energies for the biological
explorer's introspection

His body
becomes the target of his speculation

His brain ravenous for informative food
spins cobwebs on the only available
branching out of facts
clings to the visceral
items he has heard mentioned
until they ache
under mesmeric concentration
Exodus discovers his nerves
as once Mankind
in pathological mysticism believed
itself to have discovered
its soul
David's daughter's doweries
and olive-eyes
virgins capitalized
to tantalize!

Jehovah's tailor

sets up in business for himself
however
Some queer
marital independence on the English air
keeping him bachelor

While through
stock quotations
and Latin prescriptions
for physic
filters the lyric
aroma of the rose

Exodus knows
no longer father
or brother
or the God of the Jews,
it is his to choose
finance or
romance of the rose

(*English Rose to follow*)

Section 3
mechanistic prestissimo
(without nuances)
Airplane
Sonata
(mf)
George
Antheil
1923

THEY ALL MADE PEACE— WHAT IS PEACE?

ALL of the turks are gentlemen and Ismet Pasha is a little deaf. But the Armenians. How about the Armenians?
Well the Armenians.

Lord Curzon likes young boys.
So does Chicherin.
So does Mustapha Kemal. He is good looking too. His eyes are too close together but he makes war. That is the way he is.

Lord Curzon does not love Chicherin. Not at all. His beard trickles and his hands are cold. He thinks all the time.

Lord Curzon thinks too. But he is much taller and goes to St. Moritz.

Mr. Child does not wear a hat.
Baron Hayashi gets in and out of the automobile.
Monsieur Barrère gets telegrams. So does Marquis Garroni. His telegrams come on motorcycles from MUSSOLINI. MUSSOLINI has nigger eyes and a bodyguard and has his picture taken reading a book upside down. MUSSOLINI is wonderful. Read the Daily Mail.

I used to know Mussolini. Nobody liked him then. Even I didn't like him. He was a bad character. Ask Monsieur Barrère.

We all drink cocktails. Is it too early to have a cocktail? How about a drink George? Come on and we'll have a cocktail Admiral. Just time before lunch. Well what if we do? Not too dry.

Well what do you boys know this morning?

Oh they're shrewd. They're shrewd.

Who have we got in on the subcommission this morning, Admiral?

M. Stambuliski walks up the hill and down the hill. Don't talk about M. Venizelos. He is wicked. You can see it. His beard shows it.
Mr. Child is not wicked.
Mrs. Child has flat breasts and Mr. Child is an idealist and wrote Harding's campaign speeches and calls Senator Beveridge Al. You know me Al.
Lincoln Steffens is with Child. The big C. makes the joke easy.

Then there is Mosul
And the Greek Patriarch
What about the Greek Patriarch?

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

POEMS

I

because
an obstreporous grin minutely floats
out of this onelegged flower—
girl's eyes and
bounding timorously
caroms against quickly taxis

or a chiselled god's
Mother hugs carefully against her
stone dull little breast the
with rain streaked Boy, quietly whose
mutilated eyes remember flowers

these clouds
imitate curiously
a last judgment tightening
on top of the large bold soft noisy

world
filling me promptly
up:
in order that I may be sharply
emptied into Silence (which is

nothing; but whom we call, darkness)

II

said John Roosevelt
to Theodore Grant
we had to freed the negro

because he aren't

said Abraham Washington
to Grover McKinley
when you tooked out your Gettysburg
I puts mine back inly

said President Harding
to Expresident Taft

your story is so interested
but you make me laughed
at which the Future
of These United States arose
dressed in a silk
hat plus paris garters no
metal can touch you murmuring through its

chewinggum Et tu, Brute

III

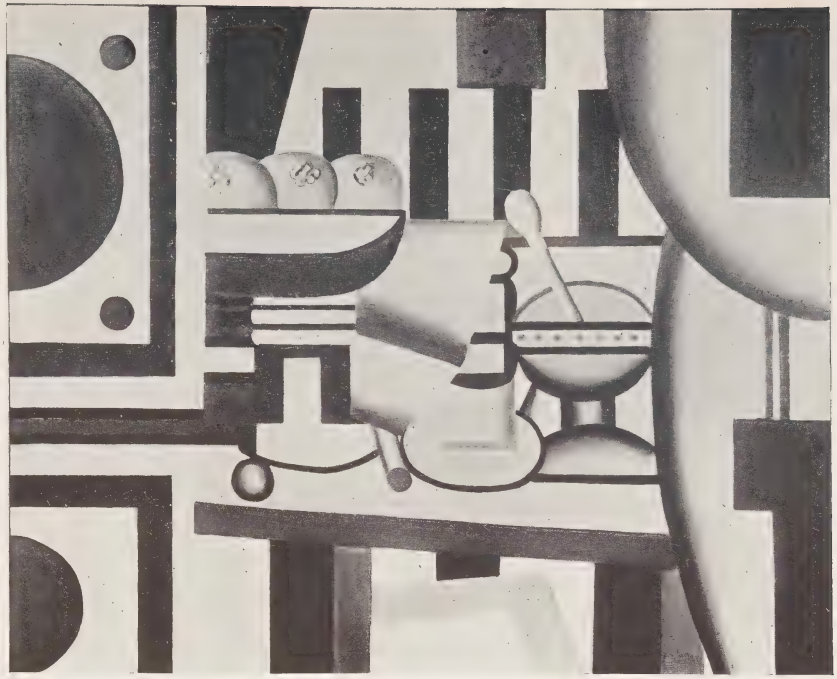
listen
this a dog barks and
this crowd of people and are these steeples
glitter O why eyes houses the smiles
cries gestures buttered with sunlight
O, listen
leaves in are move push leaves green are crisply writhe
a new spikes of the by river chuckles see clean why
mirrors cries people bark gestures
come O you if come who with listen run
me with I quick
Listen.
irrevocably
(something arrives
noiselessly in things lives trees
at its own pace, certainly silently)
comes

yes
you cannot hurry it with a thousand poems

you cannot stop it with all the policemen in the world

E. E. CUMMINGS

CURTAIN FOR THE BALLET "SKATING RINK" BY FERNAND LÉGER



THE DISH OF PEARS (1923) BY FERNAND LÉGER

COMMENTS

EXILES NUMBER. This number is called an Exiles number because all of the contributors are at present pleasantly exiled in Europe. Although it was Ezra Pound's idea, we have nothing in the issue to represent him. He has very lately finished his "Malatesta," a work compressing 600 pages of history into 30 pages of poetry. . . . T. S. Eliot is too obsessed by the difficulties of the material situation, and Wyndam Lewis is busy on an exhibition and a new book. The three contributors in this issue not American: Fernand Léger has been reproduced in the Little Review and his work discussed in the "Aesthetic Meditations of Apollinaire;" Joan Miro is a young Spanish painter living in Paris; Jean Cocteau is the only and perfect Jean Cocteau in existence. He has just published his first novel "Le Grand Ecart."

SWEDISH BALLET. Jean Börlin who has been playing for a number of seasons at the Champs Elysées in Paris, is making plans for an American tour this winter. The Swedish Ballet is supposed to be a revolt against the fat dancing of the Russian Ballet:—the outcome has very little to do with dancing.

Djaghilev's stronghold of fame and success lies in his immense good sense in engaging really fine artists to compose the music and design the décor for his ballets. Börlin follows him in this—to a degree. All of the "Six" have composed music for the Swedish Ballet, singly and as a group. Jean Cocteau's famous "Les Maries de la Tour Eiffel," with costumes by Jean Hugo, is the only well executed number in the repertory. Cocteau is able by his expert mis-en-scene to hold a company, gifted with looseness of design, in a definite structure. Fernand Léger in the "Skating Rink," has tried to apply the geometric idea to costumes and décor. (Design for curtain in this issue

of the Little Review.) The fuzzy forms of the ballet and the realistic skating movements of the principals destroy much of his effect. He is now at work on a Negro Ballet (primitive). The back drop will carry figures twelve feet high, in black, red and ochre. The figures on the cover of this number are from the drawing for this ballet which will probably be given its first appearance in America.

NOCES. By IGOR STRAWINSKY. "Noces" was the sensation of the Russian Ballet this season in Paris. The amount of enthusiasm let loose produced a feeling of doubt—almost scorn . . . not for the ballet but for the enthusiasts. Whole zones of the house were taken nightly by the smart or intellectual of New York, Chicago and points west and south. I recognized dozens of people who are the active enemies of all new manifestations in art (when not endorsed by an institution like the Russian Ballet), applauding in a super-saturation of delight for this new ballet.

I am told that "Noces" was written first as "Noces Villageoises," about the time of the "Sacre du Printemps," but that Strawinsky has rewritten it and rescored it for the present production. It is now scored for two double pianos, drums, cymbals, bells and voices. The voices take the place of "winds"—they chant words, which Strawinsky himself has written, and not abstract sounds as one might think: words have gained a musical content through centuries of use, which abstract sounds could not hold. The double pianos are played as percussion instruments—without nuance. Here at last the piano seems to have come into its dignified own. The piano is a machine and must be at its best when treated as one. The absence of "strings" shows how clearly Strawinsky has penetrated into the "coming sense." The violin is being made obsolete by a new (emotional) mathematical range. New terms, or terms not used before in connection with music, will have to be used to indicate the density and pressure of works like "Noces." The costumes and décor (in black and white) were designed by Goncharova; the chorégraphy by Nijinska—but that part of it seemed as totally unnecessary and uninteresting as a Czecho-Slovak gymnastic meet.

NEW WORLD PRIZE (Prix du Nouveau Monde): A prize of 7,000 francs established by Mrs. Keep of New York for the purpose of introducing a young French writer to the United States. This year the prize went to Raymond Radiguet for his "Le Diable du Corps." It is not so much the things that are chosen for the United States as the prize givers and the juries . . . but in this case it really seems that nothing was said about quality—"a young writer of the French language"—Radiguet is twenty? then perhaps the jury has deceived no one—perhaps it is merely seen at play in a social game.

SOIREÉ COEUR À BARBE. At the end of June the group Tchérez, which is affiliated with the Dadaists, announced that the *Grande Semaine* would be prolonged through July seventh when it would hold a soirée, at the Theatre Michel, called the *Coeur à Barbe.*

It also announced its program: first auditions of works by George Auric, Darius Milhaud, Erik Satie and Igor Strawinsky; poems by Jean Cocteau, Apollinaire, Philippe Soupault, Tristan Tzara and Jacques Baron (the youngest poet in France); three films: "The Smoke of New York" by Charles Sheeler and Paul Strand, "The Return to Reason" by Man Ray and an abstract film by Hans Richter; the feature of the evening—a play by Tristan Tzara, in three acts: "Le Coeur a Gaz" . . . and all the celebrities of Paris: painters, sculptors, musicians, poets; foreigners of every title, and rich excitement-hunting Americans turned out for this ultra-modern show.

It is impossible to make any intelligent comment on the music. It may have been as strong and alive as it sounded at the first of the program but compared to the rest of the evening it remains in the mind a dream of classic harmonies.

An extremely young, extremely fragile poet started to read a poem (?) made up of the names of artists and others deserving honourable mention. . . .

Marcel Proust mort a uchamp d'honneur
Guillaume Apollonaire mort au champ d'honneur
Pablo Picasso mort au champ d'honneur
Erik Satie mort au champ d'honneur

Igor Strawinsky mort au champ d'honneur
Francis Picabia mort au champ d'honneur

Young poets rose up all through the theatre: "Shut up baby! . . . We know all that! . . . Come out and we'll blow your nose! . . . Silly! . . ." The audience rose to its feet laughing and protesting: "The door! The police! We want to hear! . . . The door! . . . The door!"

Jean Cocteau mort au champ d'honneur
Tristan Tzara mort au champ d'honneur
Blaise Cendrars mort au champ d'honneur
Robert Delaunay mort au champ d'honneur
Man Ray mort au champ d'honneur
KiKi morte au champe d'honneur
Le Soldat inconnu mort au champ d'honneur
Mata Hari morte au champ d'honneur
Drieu la Rochelle mort au champ d'honneur
André Gide mort au champ d'honneur

Monocles, furs, canes, diadems, language usually indulged in by chauffeurs flew about the theatre. Three elegant young men leapt over seats and a piano up on to the stage threatening the reader . . . one thick-set bully struck him a violent blow with a cane . . . the curtain went down on a mêlée. The police were called and (eight) weakly threw out three very resisting disturbers.

Sarah Bernhardt morte au champ d'honneur
André Citreon mort au champ d'honneur
The Modern Art mort au champ d'honneur
Bagessen mort au champ d'honneur
Claude Terrasse mort au champ d'honneur
Marcel Duchamp, disparu d'honneur

The program continued: "The Smoke of New York" was applauded and cheered; Ydanevitch twisted about the stage exploding his poems in the language "Zaoum" . . . Then the curtain went up for Tzara's play. . . . Riot for fifteen minutes . . . more expulsions—

The set: a constructionist design by Granovsky—the characters in geometric costumes.

"It is boring?" asked Clytemnestre.

"Oh how boring it is!" replied her lover.

"Citrons and mandarines!" chanted the chorus.

"You are as beautiful as two meters of white silk!"

Riot all over the house . . . "Do you call that art? . . . Let me talk to Tzara!" shouted a poet, dashing up over a piano on to the stage . . . a green-white face with a monocle looked out through the curtains, a sturdy Roumanian arm sent the challenger sprawling backward over the piano . . . friends to the defence of both sides. A dozen private fights were going on . . . canes clashed, mirrors and footlights smashed, the audience stamped and laughed and shouted: "Put the police out . . . let's have this among ourselves." The play went on—no one heard . . . laughter, excitement, arguments . . .an American woman called out to a fighting young count: "Put on your coat and waist-coat, I can't stand men in suspenders!"

"C'est ennuyeux . . . n'es-ce pas?"

The organizer of this revolution was a well-known poet-editor who at one time belonged to the dadaist group . . . many of the disturbers are Tzara's very good friends . . . some of them had played in the "Coeur a Gaz" when it was given two years ago. There was nothing revolutionary on the program, nothing very different from their own efforts. It is an old fight . . . as old as young Frenchman are old. And—why not a manifestation? . . . a comedy serious and without point?—*jh.*

AT CROTON

O TAKE my gift
and do not count the cost;
hope not for over-gain
nor over-fear stark loss;
take my white hands
and when you clasp
the wrist with steel,
think if you will
how subtle and how real
the wrist of this was
or that other one,
Ianthe or Myrtle,
now both are gone.

Veils to my eyes?
nay, do not be afraid
that they will dart forth
serpents of appeal,
nay, do not cringe nor feel
that they are over-sweet
(being over-wise)
for this light game
of take and break and yield.

Come,
let us thank some god,
some common friend,
of light enchantment
and of light appeal,
let us stand straight
nor kneel

(foreknowledge in our eyes),
for gods thus feel
light changes, light annoy;
remember
they had slight and simple ways
sometimes,
slight, simple-hearted, suave,
imperious joys.

H. D.

ORNAMENT

IN JEAN COCTEAU'S "LE GRAND ECART"

AT the circus an imprudent mother allows the chinese magician to experiment on her offspring. They put the child in a chest. They open the chest; it is empty.

They reclose the chest. Then they open it; the child appears, and walks back to his seat. It isn't the same child, but no one notices that."

WHAT IS LEFT UNDONE

THE young priest standing before the gateway entrance to the path leading towards the catacombs, outside Rome, was too like Jimmy Holden in appearance, not to be like him temperamentally. It was only that a pursued weariness had apparently not yet gotten into him so completely that it showed in his figure. The huntedly self-conscious look across his expecting brown eyes; the changing lights of challenge, trustful eagerness of friendliness, defiance, and timid suspicion, played in the priest's eyes also, but his eyes were younger than Holden's. His brown oval face had fresher skin, and a more blooming colour; his too sensitive mouth showed the quick variety of emotions that played through him in a minute's time, more too, perhaps because ten years more of experience was necessary for these emotions to lose their naive rapidity.

The likeness caused one to reflect that Jimmy might be possessed of an asceticism that made balance impossible to him in any ordinary channels of existence; the evidence of sensibility and quivering desire on the young priest's face made one reflect also, that he—and consequently Jimmy—had not enough austerity in his nature to fit comfortably into a priestly mode of living. That combination of too much priest in the poet, too much poet in the priest, with an excess of impressionability, made life for them a more than usual, tormenting comic and tragic process.

"Jimmy used to write me long letters from Italy about what he didn't intend letting me make him do when we were married," Glady Holden commented, laughing with and at Jimmy in front of him one day. "Heaven knows then, when I was only eighteen, I distrusted family life and middle class conventions as much as he, but he had to be making his declarations of continued independence."

"Yes, and in the ten years since then what has happened that I planned would not happen—not your fault, dear," Jimmy wondered in response. "But all's not over yet. I don't know; what is it we're all chasing around after anyway? Somedays a

young girl's ankle makes me think it's too simply answered, but damn it all, that's not all there is to it surely. That's not enough anyway."

Jimmy Holden should have been a—should have been a—well, he shouldn't have been a doctor—or should he have been just that. Possibly he was fettered; possibly he was given added impulse to passion and to flash realizations by the experience which being a doctor granted him; he might not have been able to withstand the acid attack of a less provincial, localized, climatized, and child-bearing, parent-dieing, sophistication. His passions had something to beat against not alone philosophic; stranded in abstractions they might have throbbed to despair, and his energy might have pulsed to nothingness. As it was women infected with "unnameable" diseases sought his services, got his pity, distaste, and made him weary. He saw children come into the world, and helped many of them in draggingly; every spring he could talk anew about the weeds down on the marshes, and the sunlight on schoolchildren; every summer he could plan that next summer he'd really take a long vacation; every fall it was the leaves falling, a thought or two about death, the passing of time, how old age comes on; in the winter keeping coal in the furnace took up a good deal of time if people sick with influenza, croup, small-pox, diphtheria, or nasty coughs, did not keep him running about on call sixteen hours out of twenty-four.

Ten years of family doctoring in a small Connecticut village, and the parenting of two sons, four and seven, had accomplished much to make Jimmy remember but dimly a trip to France when he was twelve, a period in Spain a few years later, and a year in Italy after finishing college in America. Since his father had now been dead ten years he could reminisce without bitterness—though he'd never been bitter against his father—at the old man's erratic temper. Neurotic, alternately agnostic and austerely protestant; selfish and eager to be amiable. Most clearly of his childhood Jimmy remembered his own timidity, and how when some new and startling fact or person presented itself or himself to him he'd shrink away until he could run and receive assurance from his mother to bolster him up.

Mrs. Holden, the elder, bent her high nose over the boiling pot to see how the potroast was progressing. There wasn't much left in life for her now. She was lonely, but she didn't brood over it. Some weeks when Joe's wife went to visit her folks, taking the children with her, Joe came to stay with Mrs. Holden Sr.: every Sunday he came bringing his family, to have dinner, and stayed on through the afternoon till eight o'clock. Not often but now and then James came of a Sunday. Such Sundays were full enough, with her cooking the meal for two sons, their wives, and the two children each had. She admitted within herself a preference for Jimmy's two boys; they were quieter—just as Gladys was more of a lady than Joe's wife Hulda, who was too dominating with Joe, and too interfering in her ideas of others.

There was plenty of water on the meat to give her a few minutes to slip her black silk dress on. Upstairs she stood before the mirror a moment to brush back her hair, which, quite gray, still showed that it had once been nearly black. Her slight, ageing form straightened itself; she looked easily the aristocratic grandmother wearing pride of kind and independence of spirit with a fragilely carved but resistant grace. There was the door bell—was it Jimmy or Joe, and theirs? Descending, she admitted Jimmy, who kissed her. She hadn't seen the others for almost two weeks.

"The cherries are nearly overripe out on the tree back of the kitchen if the boys want to climb the ladder leaned up against it and have some," she commented. "But perhaps they'd better wait until after dinner so as not to spoil their appetites."

"I don't think they'd better do any tree climbing or cherry eating," Gladys explained. "Discipline's necessary. Buddy's nearly set the house on fire this morning, if one can believe the story of that clumsy maid of ours. She likes to dramatize; but she said she just saved Buddy, who'd caught on fire from the fireplace because of sticking a newspaper in it, by wrapping him in a rug. Buddy remains discreetly silent about it, or is inclined to insinuate that the maid's a liar."

Four year old Buddy's eyes had a twinkle in them for a moment, and he grunted "There wasn't no fire," but did not linger

on the point. As soon as possible he slipped away to the back yard.

Joe Holden arrived with his family, and soon he and Jimmy were in the midst of an argument about the social revolution, about which Jimmy was more of an original, and in which neither had much hope insofar as it indicated progress or release of extra fine human energies.

But before dessert at dinner Jimmy was called away by a patient and had to drive twenty miles to doctor an old lady who'd taken a fright because of a cough, and who would have no other doctor. He drove along submissively, but a flicker of irritation and wonder at things lived within him. Why couldn't the old lady have had another doctor and let him finish his meal in peace; but after all, her confidence in him was warming, a nice emotion. There—already the leaves were falling again, and past this stretch that he'd known for over thirty years—but for an interval now and then. Used to be a swamp, this section; funny how a desolation and terror of life comes over one at moments, and is suspended, but passes off again too because of what one knows is going on about one. Not many answers or solutions for anybody. It might be too, that the old lady this time was actually sick, even if she had sent in twenty scare calls before. Getting on in years—towards seventy. One would almost think she'd like to have it all over with, but yet—how alone death must be—cuts one off from all one knows, but life does that too, if one stops to think. Here was the house: regular old New England box shaped building, kept lawn, hedge.

"Grandma has a fright again. She thinks she can feel her heart getting weaker; declares it stops for minutes at a time now and then, though of course we tell her that's foolishness," a lady who'd been waiting for him, watching through the window evidently, said, coming down the walk.

"Good thing too, her fright, I suppose. Can't be too careful at her age. We'll try easing her mind a bit, though," Jimmy commented, professionally, feeling somehow annoyed with himself that he felt wearied, almost bored, with all this; he'd sworn never to become calloused. He wasn't becoming so either, but

events are bewildering; hard to go on feeling and caring all the time.

"I haven't the pluck I once had," the old lady told Jimmy, "and you know, Dr. Holden, you're so understanding, and gentle with me. I feel you more of a friend. These funny ideas that take hold of me nights, and daytimes too, when I'm alone in the room—they're right frightening."

"But you know surely, Mrs. Henry, there's a seat in the front row, parquet, of heaven for you, now. What's your worry?" Jimmy chided. "But coming along the road, I was thinking how we all will go on objecting to facts. The years don't change that much, do they?"

"There's this rasp in my chest. I don't know it sometimes myself, until my daughter tells me I'm snoring——" the old lady rambled on, conversing at moments about herself, and her symptoms, and then, forgetting them, gossiping, garrulously. . . . Jimmy left her a prescription, and departed within ten minutes. An hour later, coming into his mother's parlour again, he found the family group still there. They had taken a stroll; picked cherries in the orchard, and sat in the sunlight of the lawn for a time dozingly.

"Joe, damn it, you know," Jimmie said to his brother, "you always seem more settled within yourself than ever I've managed to be, but maybe it's only that you don't show what's going on inside you. By God, you and I'll have to take a day off some day soon and go into the country. We haven't had a good chat together for five years; or for fifteen for that matter, not since we were kids. We're brothers, after all, and ought to mean more to each other than that; ought to understand each other just because we have the same blood in us—more than other people understand us, I mean."

"I know, Jim, but the wife, and the kid—and things aren't going too well with me at the office. I don't feel as though I could even take a week's vacation this year, but if I can't have that much to myself——"

"Sometimes I think what-to-hell anyway. We ought all to be more of machines or give up the idea of having minds at all. If one isn't at the apex of all knowledge one isn't anything, and

is left besides, not getting much out of the emotional side of living. Perhaps we ought to copulate more, and think less, but that's so damned fifth rate, too."

"The women solve it better than we do, I guess. They take what comes more than we do. Having youngsters are answers enough for them, maybe. . . . Of course there's nothing to do but to go on; bellyaching doesn't help matters any."

"Yes, how old grandma solved things. I remember, and always will, her face as it appeared from the coffin, like a mask grown thin with usage, and she did use and let herself be used, didn't she?—illegitimacy, poverty, leaving her husband for another man, wandering all over South America, Mexico, and wild places. I suppose that the trouble with us is the heritage she left us of rebellion, and vagabondage, with a mixture of nationalities in us. Italian, French, Jewish, English, what aren't we?" Jimmy mused. "I wonder if I lack courage, though, not to break away from all surrounding me and be a wanderer. The outcasts of the world interest me more than anybody else. I haven't granny's guts, that's sure."

"Yes, marriage ties one, and a profession ties one; and an idea of achievement—not that I feel as though I'm driving anywhere now. Just making ends meet, and I hate thinking about myself now," Joe answered.

"I've noticed that, Joe. You hadn't ought to let Hulda drive you so; you started out to express something once. Maybe the war did you in, though . . . that's why I thought maybe if we saw more of each other, we could help each other remember what it was we originally wanted, or find new things to try and get at. What is it, though, we want—freedom?—or have we freedom? If I could believe in the value of moving elsewhere I'd rip aside everything, and go to that somewhere—at least that's what I've persuaded myself to believe all my life——"

"Yes, Jim, but the youngsters—with me too, I know how you feel—and the youngsters have a hold of a kind,—I never intended that youngsters should have—but maybe that's only an excuse——"

The doorbell rang. An old nigger, Pete Sampson, was at the door wanting Dr. Jim to come and see his son. "He's ailing

again, you know, Doc; he jes' can't leave it alone," the old nigger said sheepishly but condoningly.

"I'll be along in a few minutes then, Pete; you needn't fear," Jim told the darkie, and after Pete had slouched away, "Damn fool niggers, I can't help liking them. His son said to me when I told him he'd better be careful about women, to look and see that they aren't infected. 'Ah looks, Doc, but the more ah looks the better it all looks to me.' He's spyhilitic rheumatism now, and I think his sister, that fat lady who does washings, wants me to take out payment for medicine I've given her, through her. She always lingers to josh a little, about the office."

"I'm glad I'm an architect, Jim, rather than a family doctor. God; how sick it must make you at times, all the infection, and diseases about, as well as the hypochondriacs."

"Oh, well, it all becomes a matter of routine, a matter of relationship. I've drifted into actually feeling about filth and disease what I used to think back at college—all chemical—no, they don't bother me any more, except as they confuse my senses about life. The Italians, the niggers, old hags, working people, and the rest of them, all accept things, not stupidly, not stoically, because some of them whine, but they accept, somehow, and now and then patiently. That's what confuses me about myself. I wonder if I'm not a coward."

A few minutes later, having driven around to old Pete's house, Dr. Jim stopped the machine, to be met at the curbstone by old Pete. "Don't it beat all, Doc, the number of strikes they is about. The boy declares he's glad he's laid up right now, because they's an order gone around that the men down at the roundhouse ain't to go to work tomorrow, and he's working there."

"Yes, Pete, I don't know where we're all coming to, but there you are," Jim answered and stood conversing a while to the old man, who was not perturbed, but wished to indulge in philosophisings. After having gone into the house, he looked the young negro over, prescribed and drove off to another part of town, to see an Italian fruit dealer's wife, who was expected to deliver a child any hour during this day.

"Any sign of a labour commencing," he asked Luigi, her husband.

"No," Luigi answered, not interestedly. Two children of his stood around his fruit stand, or played back and forth across the street, dirty faced, but healthy in the suburban air. Jim went upstairs, stepping over vegetables piled at the stairway entrance, and stumbling in the dark passageway over a mop, never used, he judged, as it had been there every time he'd called, and never was there evidence of attempted cleaning about the flat. Rosa greeted him with good-natured grumbling about her condition.

"What to hell, Doctor, goddamn, we no wantta da kids no more. You givva me something so there ain't no more. You putta da cap in me. That Luigi, he won't let me alone. He's got to be at me; he don't give me the chance," she complained.

"I know, hard luck, Rosa."

"He say the other guys have been at me—fatta chance I got with him around—he no wantta the kid, I no wantta the kid," she reiterated.

"Well, Rosa," Jim joked, "if you won't let Luigi sleep nights for being at him, what can you expect? And you did keep Giorgio around you a lot last year. These Italian men from the quarry are pretty hot, you know, Rosa."

"Sure you know doctor, you putta da cap in me. Them damn men they ain't brought down every year; you understand, doc," Rosa said with cajoling familiarity.

Leaving her, Jim drove back to his mother's house, and picked up Gladys and the two youngsters. "There's still a couple of hours before sundown; let's take a drive out into the country," he suggested to his wife. "There won't be many Sundays before winter overtakes us and we can't sit along the roadside out in the country. The air's beginning to have a bite in it already, but we mustn't overlook a chance for a little country air on a day like this."

Gladys piled Buddy and Jim, Jr. into the car, and climbed in herself, commenting, "Goodness, this is the first time the family will have used this machine for a pleasure trip in about three weeks. I wish the damned Eyetalians were less fecund, and a few other of your unpaying patients less scarey about their health; then we'd get a day to ourselves now and then."

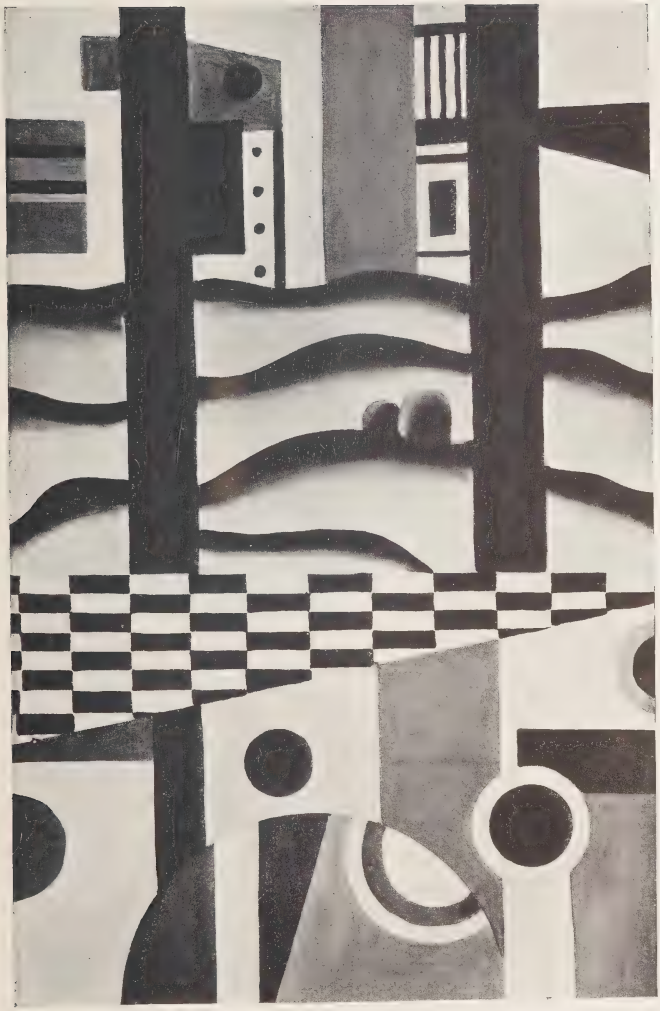
"We'll have to plan a trip to Europe for next year," Jim said, "if we can get the youngsters placed in school."

"Oh, Jim, they're too young yet—Buddy anyway. It can't be for two or three years yet, but—here we are back, to how tied you are when you so little wanted to be. I don't mind, for you and the youngsters, but still I don't like thinking for myself. I'm an old hag if I ever do get away for a time."

"Never you mind, dear," Jim solaced, "we'll get there someday." For the moment he felt lazy, and wished only to luxuriate in the softening sunlight of the air. Later, parking the car by the roadside, they all wandered around through a meadow, picking flowers, or examining bits of vegetation interestedly, to inform the children. Resting after a time upon a mound near the roadside, Jim watched the youngsters playing about, saying little to Gladys as she sprawled in the grass near him.

The sun was disappearing behind the marshlands, so that the haze of twilight played its vapours over swaying woodstalks and drying reeds; the drone of mosquitoes was dim in the air, as though the insects were chilled with oncoming autumn and night air. Feathery bits of cotton and wisps of weblike seeds floated about; but in spite of the luminousness of the night, the invigorating cold and early evening clarity, a black enveloping terror and coldness of despair was settling into Jim Holden's heart leaving him dumbfounded with a wonder that almost wracked his physical being. Emptiness surrounded all his sensibilities with its hollow vacuity. Gladys was not there to be touched by him; the children—what did he know of them, of Gladys, of anybody. And all the flowers of the summer season were passing to extinction; all the foliage in the world was being swallowed into the blackness of night and winter.

There was a crackling amongst the reeds in the upper marshes near where Jim was sitting. The reeds parted at a point, and old Sam, an Indian, who'd been around the country for a hundred years, people claimed, came from them out upon the road. He slouched along with his even tread, grunting a recognition of their presence to Jim and Gladys. What did he know, what could he tell, and what understand? Through all the years that he had lived, facing the sun, the wind, the rain, knowing the



THE BRIDGE (1923) BY FERNAND LÉGER

THE FARM BY JOAN MIRO

THE TABLE BY JOAN MIRO

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST
BY JOAN MIRO

THE HOUSE OF THE PALMS BY JOAN MIRO

elements and the seasons, and asking no one how to live, uninterfering, and stoically brooking no interference.

"Silly boy!" Gladys spoke, sensing his emotions, and moving close to him to stroke his head. "We'd better be starting back to town."

"I have to get away somewhere; to the woods, or to New York amongst the dives. One can't go on looking at life such as we see in this town—but then, what's an answer? What? What? . . . but then why should I demand that you know, what I can't know? You're so much braver than I am, dear, and don't drive me to desperation as I must you, with wild questions?"

"Whatever you feel, Jim, say. Whatever you want to do, do. I shan't ever stand in your way—if you want to go away for a year, two years—only I want to think you will come back—but I won't hold you, and the youngsters and I will get on somehow."

"That's it, dear. You're too game; I have to stay by you; if I only knew that by breaking away, I'd—but—oh, hell, it's all my imagination, that keeps me here, and makes me want to go away, too. I want too definite an assurance that things will be better, but after all it's all in myself, isn't it?"

"You need a vacation, Jim. We'll try and get away for a week or so within the month."

"No, it's not that. What's started me today was Joe, and the way he's letting himself drift to mediocrity, and admitting it to himself, too. It's not what he planned to do with his life, either; and when I talk to him and watch him a sort of cosmic terror sweeps over me, so that I sit paralyzed, waiting, and watching. Why it's any different for me than for anybody else I don't know. Mother had her religion, but grandmother didn't have that. She was a grand old vagabond to the end, defying every morality and convention going; it was little she cared about poverty or social situation. I'm always wanting some kind of foundation to rest upon, however, but I always distrust the ones obviously there for me to build upon, too. It's too bad I haven't kept more in touch with some of the fellows I used to be friendly with in college; all the men that have been in my life seem to have gone away from me. Women—you, and mother, stay by me; you, particularly."

"But you stay by me too, Jim. This is a mood; you're worn

out. Damn those niggers and Italians, that take up all your time and energy with their sicknesses, and they aren't worth bothering about either—if anybody is. Come on, let's go back home. I'll fix up something extra special for a late dinner tonight, and we'll feel better after, in front of the fireplace. That's always comforting."

Arriving home Dr. Jim had little time to rest or eat; there were five calls waiting for him, and though they could wait an hour or so, a hurry-up call from Rosa sent him rushing to her tenement apartment, to help her infant into the world. It was eleven o'clock before he came home, and then only to find that he must go out in the country again. By twelve-thirty he was back home. Passing his wife's bedroom, heard her speak sleepily to him.

"Yes, I'll be in bed in a few minutes now," he answered. "I only want first to make a few notes, in the office." Going into his study he sat fingering a pencil for a few minutes, wondering what he could do to express a wildness of revolt within him, a wildness of revolt against bodily weariness and emotional apathy towards all things occurring about him. At last he decided to write a letter to George Summers in the city, just to get it off his chest." Scribbling hastily, he scrawled:

"Dear George: Don't think me off my nut; I'm only half dippy anyway, but it's past one o'clock and the house is dismal, except that I think Buddy's yelled something in his sleep. A bad dream, I suppose. But you, you, George, Christ, are you a free man, as I seem to think you, or do you just not spill it all over the map as I have to? What about me, anyway? I've been thinking as I drove home tonight from an old lady patient who's sure to croak before morning, what would happen if I'd go and jump head down into the mud swamp? Would anybody pull me out, or would I want it?

"Energy! Ambition! Decision! things you said in your last note about your plans—and, my god, you still do have the hope to plan—dumb ideas are ringing in my dumbbell brain.

"But, hell, now that I've written this letter to you thinking I could spit it out of me, I know I have nothing to say. But I'll crawl out of the house and mail the letter anyway. Write to me. Say something to me. What is America? What are we for?

Should we give up everything, and follow—but what, what? My head's spinning. . . .

"Yours, Jim.

"Don't for Christ's sake understand me; just write me some news, or some ideas, but don't listen to the crap I'm saying."

Having mailed this letter at the mailbox on the corner, he came back into the house, locked the door, put the car down cellar, and went, in some manner cleared within himself, up to his room.

"You know, dear," he commented to Gladys as he was undressing tiredly, "life is really so damned simple if one lets it be. There is never a time when I visit one of those dago families, or help some old lady pass out quietly, that I don't realize how much more they have and understand than one gives them credit for. They understand enough to keep quiet about what they know, too. Being a doctor teaches one, all right, and it keeps the time occupied; and even in the so-called filth and chaos of it sometimes I begin to recognize a design in life. That finally is all there is, a pattern."

ROBERT McALMON

DESIGN BY DOROTHY SHAKESPEAR

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THE ESTHETICS OF THE MACHINE*

MANUFACTURED OBJECTS
ARTISAN AND ARTIST

To Ezra Pound

"Man should be prouder of having invented the hammer and nail than of having created masterpieces of imitation."—HEGEL.

MORE and more modern man lives in an order preponderantly geometric All human industrial and mechanical creation is dependent upon geometrical laws.

Before proceeding into the main objective of this talk I am going to try to clear the ground of confusion so that we may throw as much light as possible on this subject. We are confronted with such a confusion of elements, so many ambiguities that this seems to me to be a necessary precaution.

I wish especially to speak of the prejudices which blind three-fourths of the people of the world and which absolutely prevent them from ever attaining a free judgment of the ugly or beautiful phenomena by which they are surrounded. Without this preliminary point, which I consider indispensable, I am afraid I should greatly bore my listeners and not be understood by them. Moreover, I want to let people differ, to make their own decisions or leave if they do not accept the theories that I am attempting to define.

I consider that plastic beauty in general is totally independent of sentimental descriptive or imitative values. Every object, picture, piece of architecture, or ornamental organization has a value in itself, strictly absolute, independent of anything it may happen to represent. Every object, created or manufactured, may carry in itself an intrinsic beauty just like all phenomena of the natural order admired by the world, through all eternity.

It is on this very point that we may observe the most tenacious prejudices. Certain individuals would be sensitive to the beauty of objects, without art intention if the preconceived notion of the *art object* did not put a bandage over their eyes. Bad visual education is the cause of this and the present mania for classification at all cost, of categories for individuals as for tools. Excessive specialization has made men afraid to step out of their own narrow fields. They do not dare to appreciate. They follow the file leaders, professional critics who, three-fourths of the time, are unreliable. They resort to ready made programs. They are afraid of free will which is nonetheless the only possible

* Lecture given at "College of France" before the International Association of Students.

attitude in his matter of the beautiful. Victims of an epoch critical, sceptical, intelligent, they have a mania for making themselves understood instead of letting themselves be led by their feelings. They think they are makers of art because they are professionals. Titles and distinctions dazzle them and shut their eyes.

My aim is to show that there is no beauty that can be catalogued, no hierarchy of beauty—that would be the gravest error.

Beauty is everywhere. . . . In the order of the pots and pans on the white wall of your kitchen more perhaps than in your eighteenth century salon or in the official museums. If you admit this type of esthetic judgment it is possible to reach an understanding of the nature of the beauty of machines.

Machine Beauty, without artistic intention, is important because of its strictly geometrical and agricultural organization I have thus to introduce to you a new order—the architecture of machinery. Because the machine belongs to the architectural order it may hold a legitimate place in the world of the beautiful. For all architecture, ancient and modern, proceeds alike from the geometric law.

Greek art discovered the horizontal line which influenced the entire 17th century in France. Roman art, vertical lines. Gothic realized that equilibrium, often perfect, between the interplay of curves and straight lines. It even attained that surprising thing—mobile architecture. There are some Gothic facades which vibrate like a dynamic picture, thanks to the interplay of opposed complimentary lines.

We can assert this: every machine, every constructed object, may be beautiful when the relation of lines which register volumes are balanced in an order corresponding to that of preceding architectures. We are not, then, in the presence of a phenomenon intrinsically new but simply of an architectural manifestation like those of the past. Moreover it is well to recognize this and to consider this event with all its consequences. In the presence of a machine which is pleasing to you, which charms you, judgment by equivalents, by parallels is quite natural. It is as fine as the Roman style, you say, it is as balanced as Gothic. The law of equivalents is the only one which governs the relation of new plastic achievement in different epochs.

The question becomes more delicate when we consider machine creation in all its consequences, that is to say its aim. If the aim of preceding monumental architecture was the predominance of beauty over utility, it is undeniable that in the machine order the dominating aim is utility, strict utility.

But the demand of utility does not prevent the presence of a state of beauty.

The plastic evolution of the automobile is a striking example of my point. The more the motor perfects its function of utility the more beautiful has it become. That is to say when its vertical lines predominated in the beginning, contrary to its purpose, the motorcar was ugly—one looked for the horse. But when, with the need for swiftness, it became lower and longer, horizontal lines balanced by curves became dominant. It became a perfect whole.

Seen in profile the beauty of the automobile today is found in these balanced relations—the three curves presented by the two wheels and the extra tire cutting the summation of horizontal and oblique lines complete the plastic construction. Under this form certain cars have attained, it seems to me, a degree

of plastic perfection. We may compare them to the Roman style which balances vertical lines by the round arches of the windows.

But we must not conclude from this example that perfection of utility necessarily implies the perfection of beauty. I deny this until the contrary is demonstrated beyond doubt. Chance alone presides over the appearance of beauty in the manufactured object.

As to inventors, or constructors, they are strictly limited by their purpose of utility. The execution of the perfect piece admits the possibility of beauty and this execution is carried out to its logical end. It is finished and will not be renewed until after a new invention, which will also demand precise and final execution.

That fantasy which you might miss, that state of geometrical dryness which might prejudice you finds its compensation in the play of light on white metal. Every machine brings with it two material qualities—one, often painted and absorbing light (architecture value), remains constant: the other, most often white metal, reflects the light and plays the role of free fancy (painting value). Light determines the variety in machines.

This question of colours leads me to the consideration of this second esthetic phenomenon which we may call the advent of polychrome machine architecture. We note the birth of a quite obscure but nevertheless certain plastic taste, a rebirth of the artisan or, if you prefer, the birth of the new artisan. The useful purpose, the commercial value of the object, no longer depends upon the colour you paint it. Why does the artisan paint his machine? The constructed object, which is absolutely necessary, has no need, from the point of view of utility, to be coloured . . . answering a need, it could be sold without this. But before all this what do we find?

The decoration of a useful object has always more or less existed, from the peasant who decorated the handle of his knife to the modern industries of "decorative art." The aim was and still is an artistic and commercial surplus-value added to the real value of the object.

Thus has been created the *objet de luxe* (which in my opinion is an error). The creation of this hierarchy of objects has increased traffic in them. This has brought us to such a decadence of "decorative arts" (professional artists) that those few people who possess sure and sane taste are discouraged and quite naturally seek out those objects (courant de serie) in white wood or raw metal, which they can fashion or have fashioned according to their own taste.

The polychrome machine is a going back, a sort of renaissance of the initial object. We find before us a useful product which will be more or less beautiful or plastique, but which, assuredly, has everything to gain by remaining in the shops of artisans and everything to lose by getting mixed up with professional decorators. There should be a special chapter concerning the error and the negation of what is called "decorative art," but I haven't the time and that is no part of my present subject.

Machinery, I know, also creates ornaments, but as it is condemned by its

very function to work in the geometric order I can place more trust in it than in the gentlemen with the long hair and flowing tie, intoxicated with his own personality and capricious taste.

The actual initial aim of the workman who paints his object is to a large extent a desire for publicity, to create an effect to increase its value. The coloured object catches the eye better. Colour his always had a value, like light, to attract attention. Commercially speaking, colour is active, which is no negligible point. The question to consider under this aspect—reaction of the public before the object in question—how does the public judge the manufactured object thus presented? Beautiful first or useful? Personally I think this: the first judgment, particularly among the populace, before the manufactured article, at first sight is often of an esthetic nature. The little child judges beautiful and lifts to his mouth the object which pleases him and wants to eat it to prove his desire of possession. The young man says "the fine bicycle" and then later examines it from the point of view of utility.

The manufacturer understands this value and more and more exploits it from the commercial point of view. Therefore he has proceeded to decorate articles which are strictly utilitarian. Just at present we face an unprecedented invasion of multicoloured articles. The agricultural machine itself is becoming an agreeable animal, and is dressed like a butterfly or a bird. Colour is to such a point a vital necessity that everywhere it is asserting its rights. Coloured articles are compensating for the loss that we note in modern clothing. Clothes today are gray and black. Machinery which dresses itself up has become a spectacle and a compensation.

This fact leads us to a consideration of the manufactured article "beautiful in itself," as an ornamental value in the streets. For after the maker who has utilized colour as a means of attraction and of sale, there is the middleman, the shopkeeper, the retailer who in his turn must dress his window. This brings us to the art of window-dressing which in the last few years has assumed so great an importance.

The street has become a permanent exhibition of ever growing importance. The window display has become one of the major worries among the activities of the retailer. One bitter rivalry animates him—to be seen more than his neighbour. It is the violent desire that animates our streets. Do you doubt the extreme care which is given to this problem?

I have witnessed this ant's task, in company with my friend Maurice Raynal (who should have given this talk). Not on the boulevards in the brilliance of archlights, but in the depths of a badly lighted passage. The things were modest—in the famous hierarchic sense—they were waistcoats in the little show window of a haberdasher. This man, this artisan, had to show in his window seventeen waistcoats, as many cufflinks and neckties. Watch in hand, he spent about 11 minutes on each. Raynal and I left, tired out after the sixth, we had stood there an hour watching that shopkeeper, who having moved some article the fraction of an inch would come out to study the effect. Each time he would come out in front to study the effect, so absorbed that he did not see us. With the care of a watchmaker, of a jewel setter, he organized his show.

his face tense, his eye hard, as though his whole future life depended upon this. When I think of the negligence the looseness in the work of certain artists—renowned painters whose pictures bring high prices—we should admire profoundly that brave artisan working so hard and so conscientiously. His work to him is worth so much more than the other, work which must disappear and which every few days he must renew with the same care and study.

Among such men, among such artisans, there is an incontestable conception of art, closely connected with the commercial purpose, a plastic fact of a new order equal to existing artistic manifestations, whatsoever they may be. We find ourselves face to face with an entirely admirable renaissance, of a world of artisan-creators who bring pleasure to our eyes and transform our streets into a permanent spectacle, a spectacle of infinite variety.

Very clearly I can see the show rooms empty and deserted, if the hierarchy of art did not exist. The day when the work of this whole world of workmen may be understood and felt by people exempt from prejudice, who shall have the eyes to see, truly that day we shall witness a surprising revolution.

The fake great men will fall from their pedestals, and values will be put in their proper places. I repeat—there is no hierarchy in art. A work is worth what it is worth in itself and a criterion is impossible to establish. It is a matter of taste and individual sensibilities.

In the face of the achievements of the new artisans, what is the situation of the so-called professional artist? Before facing the situation in question, I shall glance back at a monstrous plastic error which still throws all its weight on the artistic judgments of the world.

FERNAND LÉGER

(To be concluded)

THE READER CRITIC

THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT

French printer's first attempt to set Mr. Williams' "The Great American Novel." 3 Mountains Press.

THE pigs were ranged on one side, the dogs on another, and from a third a flock of cultures crept up from time to time."

POEMS YOU ALL SHOULD KNOW

Mr. E. K. Bok says, "He would rather have written Newman's 'Lead Kindly Light,' than anything else in the language."

LEAD ki-inly li-ight
amid the en circling glue-
oom
Lead thou
Meow-
The ni-ightis da'ark
and I am far from
hoe-
ome
Lead thou
meYOW
ong.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR WARNS PUPIL "NOT TO GET MIXED UP WITH SUCH A CROWD: James Joyce, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Sherwood Anderson, Brancusi, Picasso, Strawinsky, etc., etc. . .

O. P., New York:

I TOOK your magazine to class one night and asked how many high-brows in the class knew the "L. R." Well, no answer, then my instructor took the magazine and asked me, "What have you to do with it?" Happening to turn to "Affectionate" by the Baroness, he launched forth on a solemn warning "not to get mixed up with such a crowd," etc.—he being more able to comprehend contents of such a book than I, and yet not being able to do so. Although I must

say in protection that he barely glanced at contents, except the illustrations. Others in class with an air of self importance and superiority looked it over, superficially, then returned it with a bored, "thank you." All of them aspiring to be second Shapespeares, etc.!

LITERATURE VS. ADVERTISING

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People who'd suspect the statements in a free circular, kif: kif, will read a magazine that is ten cents less than free.

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Receiving his visitors in the palace picture gallery, the King plunged into a keen discussion regarding their collections and his own. The experts were astonished at his philatelic knowledge and listened with great admiration to his comments on his collections.

The King chatted for some time with Mr. Arthur Hind, the United States millionaire, owner of the famous £7,000 British Guiana stamp for which special lighting is provided at the Stamp Exhibition.

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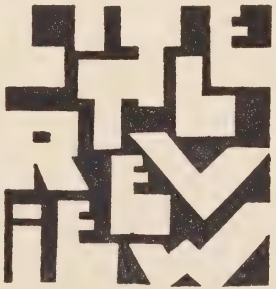

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(FROM CHICAGO LITERARY TIMES)

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Little Review, published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1923, State of New York, County of Suffolk, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Margaret Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of The Little Review, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Margaret Anderson. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1923. James Bondy. [Seal.] (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)

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Tristan TZARA

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FERNAND LÉGER